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Tale of Three Mirrors

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Tale of Three Mirrors

walking into a room
new to me
like a cat in play with a string
alone
fascination has captured the soul

like Venus and Jupiter in the autumn sign
two mirrors capture time
one's hanging on the closest door
one on the wall

I became the actor's audience
in profiles I have never seen
I gaze intensely in the face
I call my own

show me anger, peace, love, old age
crystal clear infancy
remember the smile in the family portrait at age ten
man in the mirror, reveal it again

as I watch in amusement and awe
lost in time
how much has passed, I need not know
I love the image I see
all alone I leave the room
in disgust and hate . . . it was only me

Bill Orton